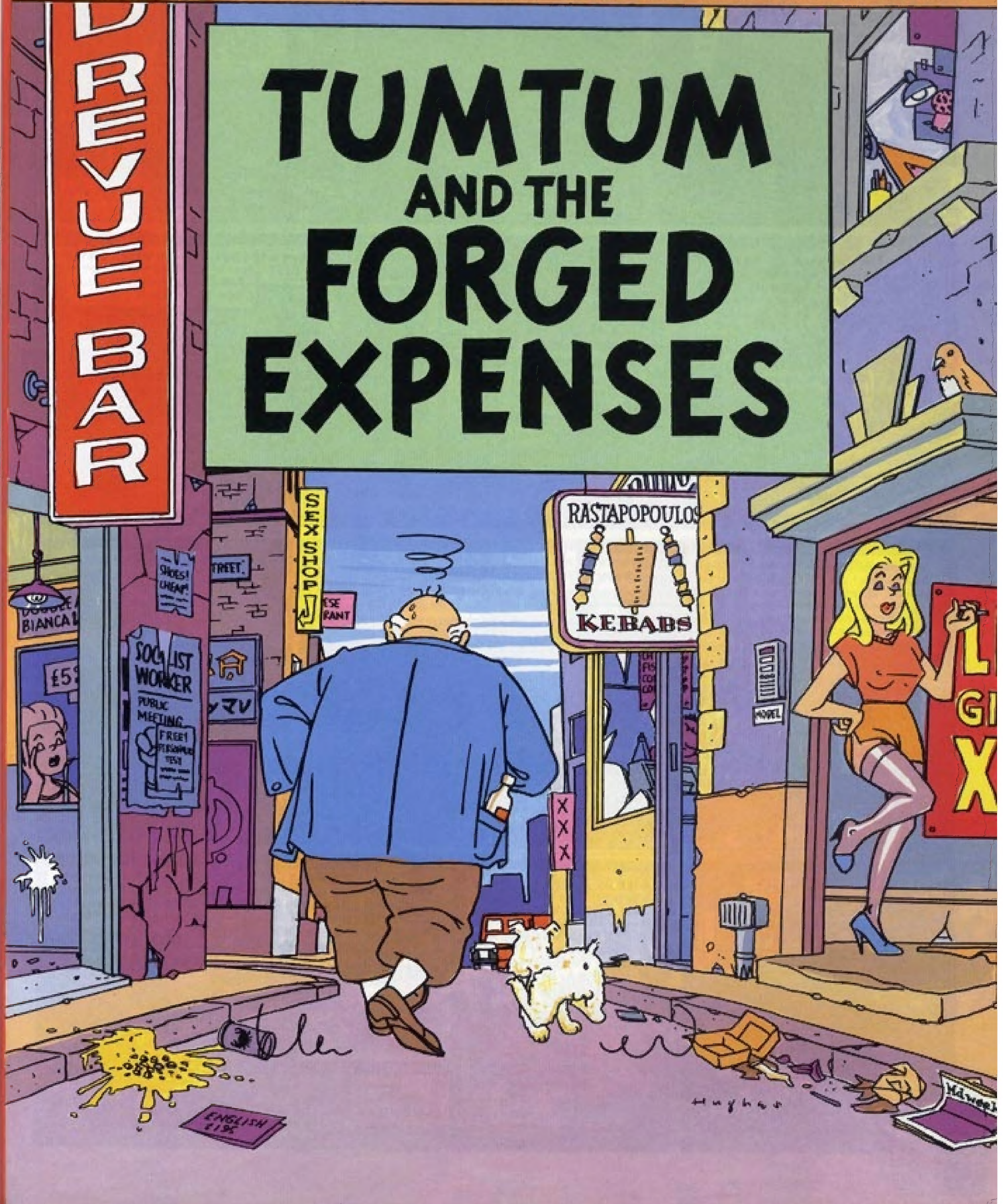


MERDÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TUMTUM, OLD BOY REPORTER

# TUMTUM AND THE FORGED EXPENSES



**TUMTUM, BOY REPORTER,  
SOLVES 'SINGING SCARAB'  
MYSTERY**

CAIRO, TUESDAY: Interpol yesterday arrested the entire gang of evil crooks involved in a fiendish plan to smuggle the world-famous Sphinx out of the country. The villains were foiled by the clever sleuthing of TUMTUM, the boy reporter, who single-handedly unmasked the gang.  
FULL STORY PAGES 2 & 3

Blimey, those were the days, eh Slushy... thirty years ago! Who'd have thought we'd end up at Wapping writing the bleedin' Page Three captions... eh, Slushy?... Slushy?

Oi! Pack that in! I should never have saved you from that Doctor Spengler...  
Bastard

\*See Tumtum and the Cross-eyed Vivisectionist

...ah well, suppose I'd better do some work this week... 'Curvy Karen is today's Crown Green Bowling Beauty. Feast your eyes on her lovely pair of woods'... oh, stuff it! What's the point? - I still can't work out how to turn on the word processor... If only something exciting would happen...

BRING

Whats that? 'Guided Missile... Ayatollah...? Red Alert...?' Very interesting! This needs investigating!

At last! C'mon, Slushy! This is what we've been waiting for!

Another early lunch, Mr. Tumtum?

NEWS INTER RECEPTION

...£100 accumulator on 'Guided Missile' 'Ayatollah' and 'Red Alert' at Kempton Park, please darlin', and put it on the slate.

Sorry, Mr Tumtum, but the boss says no more credit 'till you pay your debts.

Tight-fisted bastards! Hey! I recognise that face! Higgins of the Globe... he's onto something! Come on, Slushy... after him!

NO ENTRY TO PEOPLE UNDER 18

So that's his game! Quick, we've got to beat him to it!

WAPPING OLD STREET  
CLASS WAR

DESIRABLE WAREHOUSE FOR SALE

Got him! And with just seconds to spare!

Oh, hello Mr. Tumtum... first as usual, eh?

AAARGH!

Give us a vodka!.. Hang on, you're new here, aren't you? Where's Fred?

Mr. Fred was taken mysteriously ill... I am Chong, replacement barman. A vodka, did you say?

Heh Heh... and now to add that special something

WOOSH

Enjoy your drink, Mr Tumtum... Heh heh!

Poisoned!... You bastard, you put tonic in this!.. Give us a treble - and make it straight this time!

?



Several hours later...

Bastard landlord! Chucks me out and it's only 4.30! ... Still, I should be able to get a drink over at Haddit's place... Must remember to put this down as 'Research Fees' on the expenses form...

But only yards away

Time to move off!

LOOK OUT!!

?

?

Slushy, here boy!!

Sorry, guv - he just hobbled out in front of the cab!

Stuff the dog! He can look after himself for once. Take us to Soho, driver...

Twenty minutes later...

Old compton street... that's £4.50 on the clock... call it a fiver, shall we?... All right, you call it a fiver, and I'll call it £15 on me expenses... give us a blank receipt, will you - and hurry up, I've got to meet Captain Haddit.

the Jolly Roger

This is the place... hope he's in!

Captain Haddit?

Tumtum, me boy! Good to see you!

How's business then, Captain?...

Can't complain... sad to hear about the Professor, though - what makes a chap like that defect to the East?

Speaking of the old gang, what ever happened to the Truncheon Twins? I haven't seen them around in ages...

That's because we've been working under cover... we've had our eye on you for some time!

The Truncheon Twins!

Yes, Tumtum! We know all about your forged expenses claims! Fraud is a very serious offence, you know... you'll go down for this - the Captain's given us all the evidence we need

Sorry, Tumtum, they were going to take my licence away!

Six months later...

TUMTUM, VETERAN REPORTER BUSTED IN SOHO GAY BAR FRAUD SWOOP

Those were the days, eh Slushy?